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LITERARY

Review

1962

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NOODLES AND KNOWLEDGE

My grandmother made noodles. Perhaps this is not a very remarkable feat, but to me it was amazing. I was eleven at the time, and it was the first - and last - time I had ever seen the process of noodle-making.

The procedure was fascinating. First she would roll out the dough on the ping-pong table - as thin as tissue paper and as big as a small tablecloth. Then she would get out her long-bladed noodle-knife and cut multitudinous small strips. After they were cut, Grandma, or Bubba, as we called her, would hang the noodles over a wooden clothes dryer, and there they would stay until they were dry, looking for all the world like the thatching for a Hawaiian hut drying in the sun. They were the best noodles in the world.

Now we frown on such things. We extol the virtues of push-button cooking; we hail the pre-cooked, packaged noodles. They come in all sizes and shapes, from shoestrings to sea shells. Like all our modern foods, they are a great convenience. But Bubba didn't care for convenience. Whether the item was food or drink or a pillowcase, if it could be made, she made it. My grandmother was a do-it-yourselfer long before the practice was fashionable. Perhaps this stemmed from the poverty of her first years in America, or maybe it was a result of her childhood in Russia.

When Dora was born in the village of Minsk, Russia, the U. S. Civil War had just ended. She may not have known much about America or its struggles, but her father was determined that she should get the best available education. The family was not rich,

as none of the Jews were allowed to own property, but they were comfortable as the managers of a brewery.

Rich or poor, the girls learned how to sew and knit and cook, and when the tutor came to give her brothers lessons, Dora was in the classroom too. Should there be a new teacher in the town, her father saw to it that the newcomer was not long without a position.

America beckoned to Dora and her husband, Morris, and they settled in Atlantic City, New Jersey. But most of Dora's learning was useless here. Her knowledge of philosophy and lessons from the Talmud could not buy bread. It was not an easy time - money was scarce and jobs even scarcer. There may have been a lack of food on the table, but there was always food for thought in her home, for she was determined that her children should learn both the new and the old.

Combining her quest for knowledge and her insatiable interest in people, Dora was loved and respected by all of her friends. There were always people with her, either a visiting Rabbi who wished to discuss a point of the interpretations of the Bible, or the Italian neighbors, who dropped in for some of her special "Jewish pizza." So many of us make the mistake of thinking our ways and our language are the only ones, and that different languages and people must be inferior. Bubba may have spoken in broken English, but she was one of the wisest people I have known.

When I knew her, Bubba was very old, and I was very young, but perhaps there is a kinship between these extremes. She would keep my attention for hours with her vast wealth of experience and folklore, and would listen with interest and willingly discuss any current news. This contrast in her amazed me - even though she

spent much of her time studying the ancient writings, she once confided, at the age of 90, that she wanted to take a sightseeing blimp ride!

Her hands were always busy. While her eyesight lasted, she would work almost continually on embroidery or crochet lace. Yards and yards of lace, either bleached white or stained beige with coffee. Pillow case edgings, collars, even entire tablecloths were magically fashioned by her flashing metal crochet hook.

Bubba was born when the steamboat had just been perfected. When she died, satellites were circling the earth, but her wonderful philosophy has bridged the decades, and will continue to be remembered by all who knew her. I too will remember her as saying - "Studeer und leren - es iz azai fil tzu lernen!"

Study and learn - there is so much to learn!

Diane Wolfe, 127-4

PSALM 201

Learned is the man who does his lessons faithfully,
And listens attentively in class,
And turns in his homework punctually.
But he will be delighted with the knowledge he gains;
And this knowledge shall enrich him day and night;
And he shall be as a genius in the ranks of the ignorant,
Shedding his knowledge among them;
His mind also shall have wisdom;
And whatever he endeavors shall be successful.

The ignorant are not so;
But are like the pages of burnt books, which are illegible.
Therefore the ignorant shall not have wisdom,
Nor the stupid have enlightening knowledge.
For wisdom is the way of the learned;
But the way of the ignorant shall perish.

Ralph Emanuel, 314-4

A VALENTINE TO INGLIS, GEHMANN, BOWMAN, AND SCHRAMM*
FROM A SECRET ADMIRER**

I.

Albeit this homely bagatelle
Is somewhat an anomaly;
And cognizant that half the lines
Are raucous, noisome cacophony,
Please condone this persiflage
And deign to read assiduously

II.

Your eyes, though nebulous and liquescent,
Hide furtive, sinister machination.
You plot to lacerate my heart's
Insatiable infatuation.
Your subtlest whim my statute is.
You have effected absolute, consummate subjugation.
Yet you arraign that my mien sophomoric
Should give me poignant mortification.

III.

Memorizing your Vocabulary Lists
Is not explicitly exhilarating.
I need Herculean fortitude
And arduously spend a sennight ruminating.
Subsequently, your ruthless repertory
Is an insidious inequity excruciating.

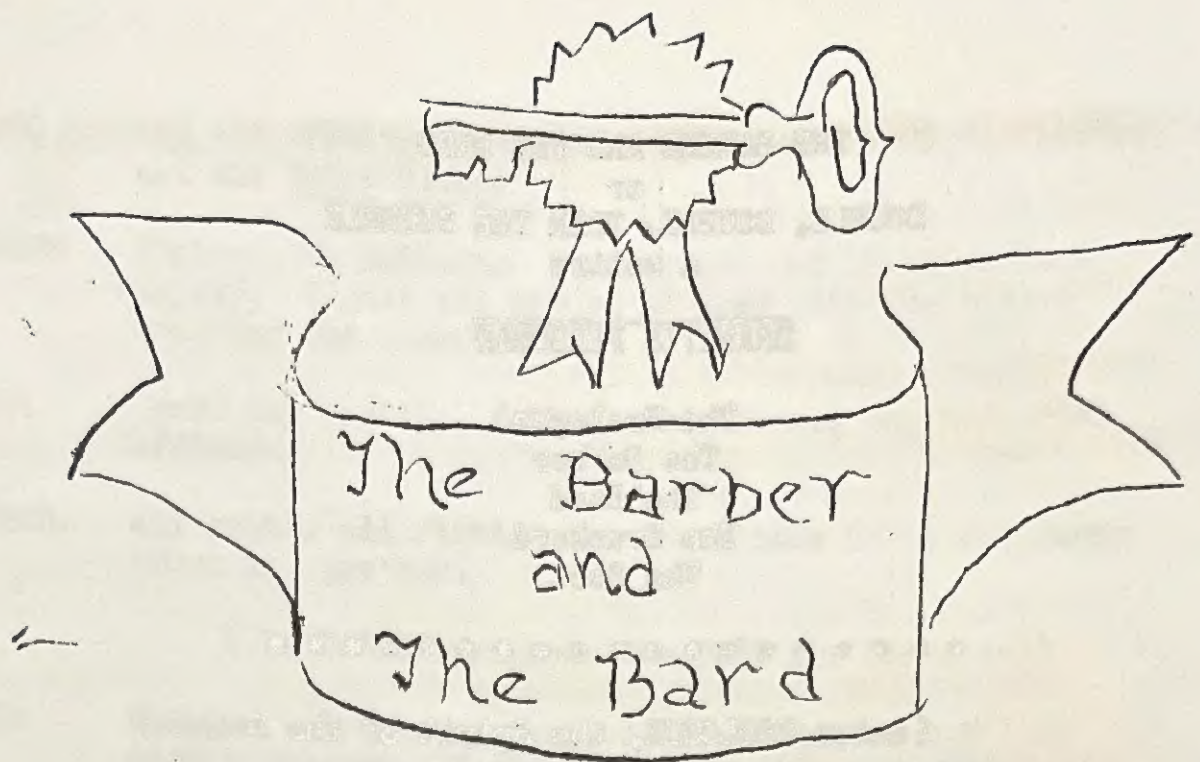
IV.

Anon, when I am moribund,
My cadaver shall be incinerated.
You will receive an oracular imprecation,
And your gross deeds denominated.
Then, my apparition will return
And choke you 'til your breath's abated.

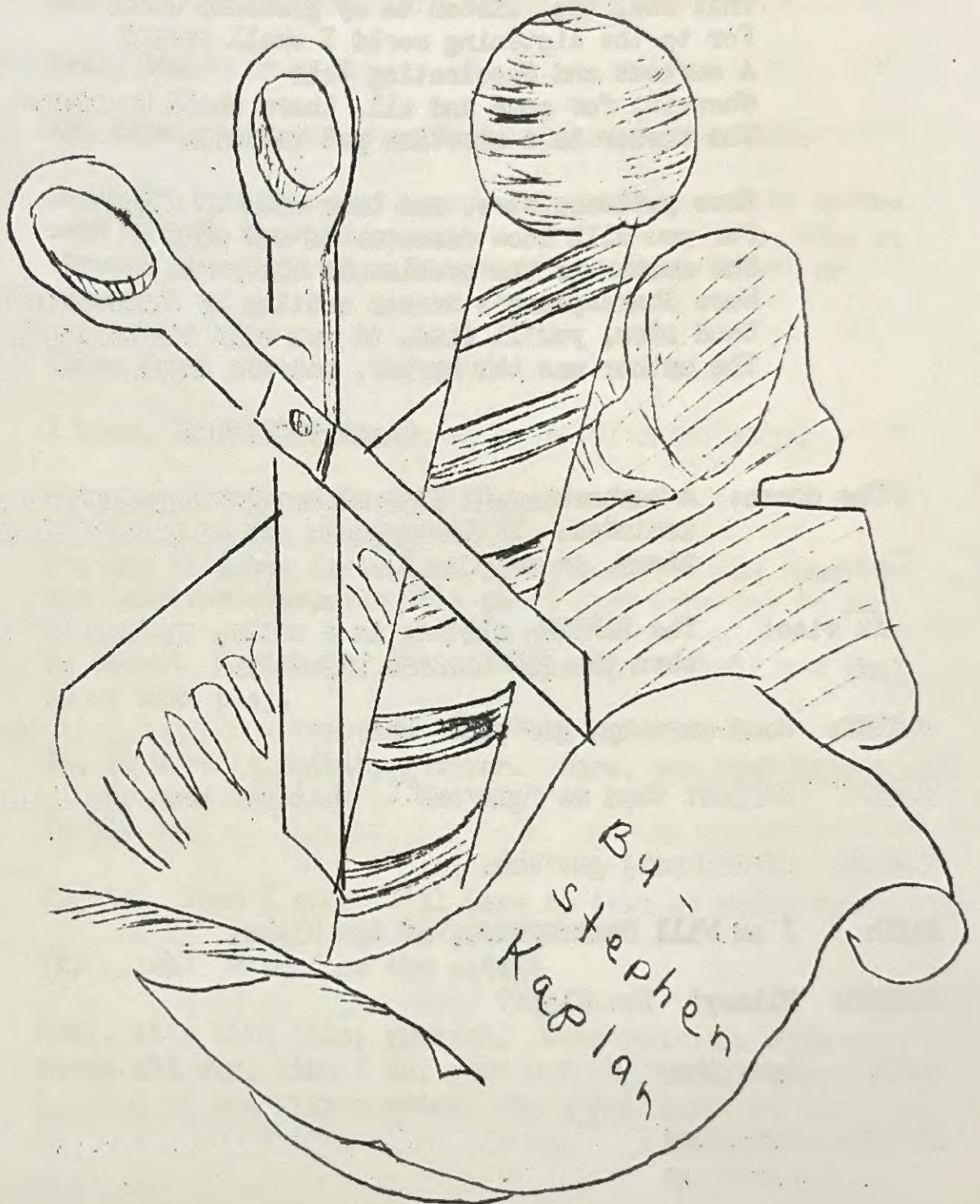
* Who compiled the Vocabulary Lists in Adventures in American Literature.

** Namely, Sue Glaser, 313-3





or
Double Double, Trim the Stubble



THE BARBER AND THE BARD
or
DOUBLE, DOUBLE, TRIM THE STUBBLE
a satire

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

The Prologue
The Barber
The Bard
The Drunkard
The Scot

* * * * *

(enter PROLOGUE, the Spirit of the Sonnet)

PROLOGUE: Pray, gentlemen, give ear to what I say;
My story will cause quite a stir this day.
Before I start, I ask the Theatre's Muse
That she, too, listen to my gladsome news,
For to the listening world I shall reveal
A curious and fascinating tale
Wherein, for once and all, there shall be shown
The answer to a question yet unknown.

Have patience, sirs, and bear with my delay,
For you will soon discover in our play
The answer to the problem of the year:
Were Shakespeare's dramas written by Shakespeare?
Good sirs, you'll find, if you will listen hard,
The author was the barber, not the Bard.

(exit PROLOGUE)

The scene: A barbershop in Elizabethan London, striped pole
included. If Shakespeare may be permitted anachro-
nisms, so may we all.

At rise: The BARBER, sitting in a chair, springs to attention
when the BARD enters his shop.

BARBER: Good morning, guv'nah! Haircut?

BARD: Callest thou me "guv'nah"? Dost not know who I am?

BARBER: 'Fraid not, guv'nah.

BARD: / I am Will Shakespeare, of the Globe.

BARBER: Blimey! The Globe?

BARD: Aye, the Globe.

BARBER: How about that? I read the Globe all the time. Great
paper, great paper.

BARD: How now, foolish fellow! I spoke of the Globe Theatre, not the Daily Globe!

BARBER: Righto! My mistake. I never get out to shows much anyway. I just sit around at home with the missus watching the cockfights.

BARD: Cease thy prattle, fellow, and execute thy tonsorial offices.

BARBER: All right, all right! You don't have to be so touchy about it, guv'nah.

(The BARBER prepares the BARD for barbering)

BARD: Forgive, sirrah, my curt and black humor, but I am sorely pressed. I must needs write a new play, and can think of naught. I fear that my Muse, blessed Melpomene, hath deserted me. Ah woe, ah woe! My career shall perish as doth a frail blossom in Winter's icy blasts!

BARBER: Well, that's show biz.

BARD: Ah, thou canst afford to laugh my plight to scorn!

BARBER: Goo!-who told you that, guv'nah? I keep as busy as the next bloke. Gawd only knows if I'll be able to make it through the three days I have left till my vacation starts!

BARD: Three days, sirrah? Thy wait is almost done.

BARBER: I know, I know. But they go by so blinkin' slow.

BARD: Three mere days - slowly? How so?

BARBER: Oh, you know how it is, guv'nah. Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow creeps in this petty pace from day to day!

BARD: Ho there! Well said, fellow! Perhaps I shall use that in my next play.

BARBER: Oh, it weren't nothin, guv'nah. Here, you want hair tonic?

BARD: Verily so.

BARBER: Righto. Then I guess I'll have to take my ruddy watch off.

BARD: Thy watch? Wherefore thy watch?

BARBER: Well, it's like this, guv'nah. When you work with your hands all day, like I do, your wrist gets all sweated up, and if you wear a watch, the sweat's apt to spoil it. So I always put this special protective deodorizer on

BARBER: the minute hand, and I wouldn't want that stuff to get in
(cont's) your hair, y'see?

BARD: The minute hand? Prithee, why not the hour hand?

BARBER: Garn! All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this
little hand!

BARD: Oh! Another well-turned phrase! I must needs remember
that one as well.

(For a while the BARBER trims in peace, whistling
softly)

BARD: Thou saidst that thou readest the Globe?

BARBER: Verily so -ah- I mean, yeah, guv'nah.

BARD: Hast read that England will go to war with France?

BARBER: Garn! Where'd you hear that?

BARD: Thou scoffest?

BARBER: Goo- don't you believe it, guv'nah. Whoever said that
must be off his chump! 'Tis a tale told by a bloomin'
idiot, that's what.

BARD: Indeed so?

BARBER: In-dubitably! Why the mere sound of it fills me with
fury!

BARD: But it did appear on the fornt page!

BARBER: That don't signify nothin', guv'nah. Remember that old
story about Sir Walter Raleigh taking off his cloak for
the Queen? That was on the front page, too.

BARD: Was not that veritable?

BARBER: Noooo. It wasn't even true!

BARD: You don't say! -er- that is -forsooth!

BARBER: Blimey, guv'nah, the good old days of chivalry are dead.
Don't you know that?

(Enter the DRUNKARD, somewhat the worse for wear)

DRUNKARD: How d'y'do, chaps. Lovely day, ain't it? Makes a bloke
feel like singin', it does, -hic-.

BARD: Methinks the fellow hath overzealously worshipped
Dionysius.

BARBER: He's been drinking, too.

DRUNKARD: (indicating the BARD)
Here, what's the matter with that bloke over there? Don't he know how to talk decent English?

BARBER: Come on, ducky, no rummies in this shop.

DRUNKARD: Aw, I ain't had but a drop in.

BARBER: In the last half hour, you mean. Now, do you get out or do I have to throw you out?

DRUNKARD: Now, chum, can't a man get a little rest for his tired feet?

BARBER: Out, darned sot! Out, I say!

DRUNKARD: All right, all right, I'm goin'. I'll take me business elsewhere, I will. (Exit DRUNKARD)

BARBER: I could have been more forceful, but I didn't want to use offensive language.

BARD: Thy tact is to be commended, sirrah, albeit the foul tippler was most unworthy of it.

BARBER: Now you're talking, guv'nah! That's why I can't wait till all this hurlyburly's done and I can take my ruddy vacation.
(Enter the SCOT, dressed in his national costume)

BARD: Thou hast an additional visitor, sirrah.

BARBER: Blimey, and a bloomin' kilter, too!

SCOT: If you please, mon, I have a message for Queen Beth, and must look presentable before I may give it to her.

BARBER: Now, hold your horses, Mac. If it's a haircut you want, you'll have to wait till I'm finished with this customer here.

SCOT: But you don't understand. It's a very important message for Queen Beth.

BARBER: I'm sure it is, Mac, so if you'll just wait your turn-

SCOT: Please, mon, for the sake of Queen Beth!

BARBER: I don't care about Queen Beth, Mac!

BARD: Ods bodkins, I have it!

BARBER: Have what, guv'nah?

BARD: The title of my new play. I shall call it: Mac-Beth!

BARBER: Well, how about that?

BARD: Gramercy, friend barber! (The BARD runneth out)

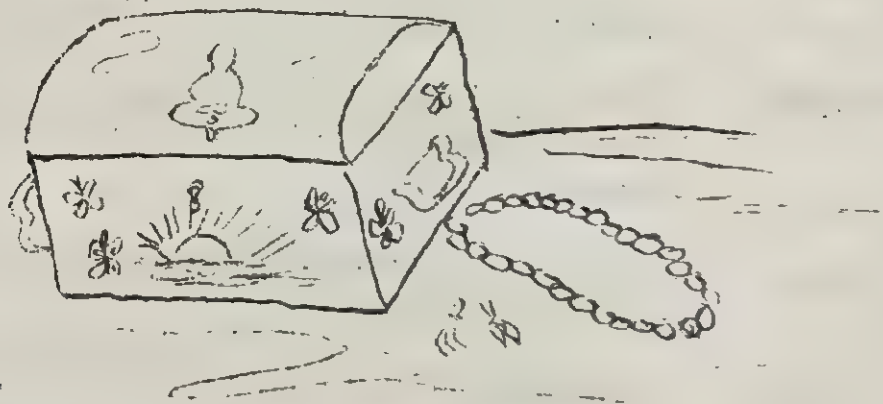
BARBER: Here, wait a minute! You forgot to pay me! (reflectively)
Oh, well, I suppose he'll be back next season, when he
needs another of those blasted plays of his. (To the SCOT)
Well, what are you waiting for, Mac? Step up, step up.

THE END

SONNET TO AN ANTIQUE JAPANESE JEWELRY BOX

O, teakwood box which from my shelf doth scan
The room about, with wise and ancient eyes,
The clumsy, modern objects must surprise
One who once gazed on vase, and screen, and fan.
To think that years before my life began,
Your deep-grained panels showed a pink sunrise.
You were adorned with turquoise butterflies
And owned by some young bride in old Japan.
Your glossy, lacquered wood begins to fade.
Your burnished silver handles now are black.
Where once a Buddha sat with eyes of jade,
Your ivory-covered lid now shows a crack.
But Time, your grace has far more lovely made.
True Beauty can ignore the almanac.

Sue Glaser, 313-3



OL' SOUTHPAW

I am writing a letter or a paper in class; I am eating. Then I hear it, that familiar exclamation. "Why you're left-handed!" they cry, surprised, making it sound as though I'm a freak from the Moon.

Secretly within I am seething, but I manage to keep a calm, happy exterior. "Yes, I am, aren't I!" I reply, equally surprised.

Now I ask all you haughty right-handers, "What's wrong with being left-handed?" It's true, perhaps, that can-openers, sewing machines, doors, golf clubs, power saws, hockey sticks, etc., were designed with the right hand in mind; but then who can sit down to a meal, simply pick up the fork and immediately begin eating? The Great-One-Who-Uses-His-Right-Hand? Guess again! (Remember, forks are usually placed to the left of one's plate.) Thus, we have one point, however insignificant it may seem, in favor of the southpaw. (We can overlook the small detail that most Europeans eat with the left hand whether they are "lefties" or "righties".)

What do I care if I can't write on a blackboard with facility! And I don't really mind having to face third base while at bat (while the "righty" batters can face the direction in which they're to run); nor do I mind having to approach a bowling alley in a form slightly different from that of the right-hander. After all, a southpaw pitcher has an advantage over a right-handed batter, and a left-handed tennis player (if he plays well) can easily hit shots which his right-handed opponent may find a little difficulty in returning. Here, another point in favor of left-handers.

Life in a right-handed world such as this can become exasperating at times for "lefties." I can say for myself, however, that

although the disadvantages have a slight edge over the advantages, I do manage to get along. As a matter of fact, except for literally rubbing elbows with right-handed schoolmates and tablemates, smudging every other word I write in this left-to-right English, made to order for the right hand, and other minor difficulties, I don't mind being a "lefty." In fact, I rather enjoy it-I'm different ! So what's wrong with being a southpaw? In my opinion, nothing-----much.

Carol Sills, 218-2

ON HANDSHAKES

Handshakes are a definite part of today's modern social customs. The wrong kind of handshake could destroy a budding friendship.

Or, perhaps, handshaking is really not effective. The United States is presently handshaking all over the world, and where has it gotten us?

A handshake can reveal a great deal about a person: his occupation, his hobbies, even his character. A waiter who works in a restaurant famous for wines might twist a hand instead of shaking it. A construction worker who specializes in the operation of pneumatic drills might hold one's hand and vibrate. A clerk in a shipping office might hold a person's hand, and sway back and forth.

If any of these statements, dear reader, apply to you, learn to handle your handshakes!

THE BERMUDA GUNPOWDER PLOT

It was the biggest literary hoax of the year. The school was in an uproar, the Teachers' Room didn't stop buzzing, hurried conferences were made, and we barely survived a battery of tests which made our bodies quiver, our limbs turn to jelly and our hearts congeal in despair.

Would you like a sample of the questions which members of our class were forced to answer? We were told to list the major generals during the Revolutionary War, to describe the Battle of Saratoga, to name the capitals of the United States, and to answer essay questions ad infinitum. After this massive dose of punishment, we sat back and pondered the events which had "hoist us with our own petard". Let me start at the beginning.

The story that I am about to narrate is for the most part true; the names, however have been changed to protect the perpetrators and the deceived. This travesty on truth took place in an American history class, in junior high school, a few years ago. When our class (I must confess that I was a member of it) entered our classroom one fine day in November, we discovered that our teacher, Miss Jones, was absent and a substitute, Mrs. Brown, was there in her place. When the roll had been taken, Mrs. Brown made her first fatal mistake - that of announcing that she was an English teacher and did not know the first thing about history. I said fatal, because this statement set our cunning minds to work on how we could deceive her.

Our regular teacher left a note to Mrs. Brown, saying that for the first part of the period we were to finish writing our reports on one phase of the American Revolution and in the last part we were

to tell about them. Since our classroom was in one of the rooms of the library, Mrs. Brown went to the Teachers' Room and left us to do our so-called research.

That was her second major mistake, for as soon as she had disappeared from sight, we got together to see what deception we could perpetrate. It was in this gathering that the Bermuda Gunpowder Plot was born, a fictitious incident in the War for American Independence. Since the story is too long to narrate here, I shall just tell of the major components as taken from the submitted report:

During the American Revolution, so we reported, there were many bleak moments. One of the more notable ones was right before the Battle of Saratoga. This took place early in 1774. The American general, Washington, was sorely in need of supplies, or he would be decisively beaten by the British commander, Ethan Allen. Fortunately there was a supply of gunpowder on the island of Bermuda, and also the man resourceful enough to get it to General Washington--Colonel Solomon P. Gaines--and get it there he did!! Through his daring and cunning, he arrived with it there just in time to save the day, so that he became one of the unsung heroes of the war.

With deadpan faces we made the report, and then asked our substitute whether she had ever heard of this daring exploit. She replied (to our glee and amusement) that she faintly remembered it. The class was bravely trying to hold back a wave of hysteria which threatened to give away the whole hoax, for little did she know that this incident never took place, that the Battle of Saratoga occurred in 1777 and not in 1774, and that the generals

were Benedict Arnold of the Continental Army and General Burgoyne of the British forces, not Washington and Ethan Allen.

We then asked our substitute whether we could do a little more research and she made another blunder of great magnitude by saying yes. At this time the hoax was assuming gigantic proportions. We went over to the reference part of the library and took out stacks of books, biographies, and encyclopedias, for we had decided that our next opus was to be a biographical sketch of our fictitious hero, Col. Solomon Gaines.

Solomon Gaines, as our report read, was born in Washington, the capital city, in 1753. He received a good primary and secondary education in P. S. 203. Then he went to Villanova University in Pennsylvania and studied to be a lawyer. Gaines did so well there that he did some post-graduate work at Oxford University and by the time he was finished, he was Solomon Gaines, Lld., A.O.F., B.L.R., C.C., H.R.E., I.O.O.F., K.T., S.P.Q.R., and S.P.C.S.

Little did our substitute realize that Washington was not made the capital city until thirty years later, that Villanova University was founded in 1853, and that the long string of degrees stood for Lawyer, Ancient Order of Foresters, Breech-Loading Rifle, County Clerk, Holy Roman Emperor, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Knight Templar, The Senate and the Roman People, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Substitutes.

We were just finishing oral reports on this delightful biographical sketch when a PRESENCE was felt in the back of the room. Impelled by a miraculous sixth sense, we turned to the back of the room to see our regular teacher, Miss Jones, standing casually against the board, a quizzical smile on her face.

HOW TO HANDLE A DIXIECRAT

In my liberal family, through some quirk of nature, I have a younger brother who is the unfortunate combination of Texan and Dixiecrat, a breed common to East Texas but mercifully scarce in Central Texas. Mark is a fiend on the Civil War, trying to find some reason why the South lost when it was obviously the better side. I often come across him instructing my little sister, three, about the real facts of the War between the States.

One day when I was walking through a room, I heard Mark telling my little sister, "Federates are bestest! And Yankees are no good!" Deciding to take issue with him on this, I swiftly interrupted, saying, "Now, Mark, you know that isn't true. Some Yankees are good, some are bad, just like people everywhere. What about Kennedy? (This was during the '60 campaign). In this family, you had better like him, and he's from Boston."

"Yeah, but his family wasn't even here when the 'Federates fought the Yankees."

"O.K., you've caught me there, but if the South is "bestest," then that means that it fought for what was right. Do you think that slavery is right? And can a state leave the United States just because it doesn't like what happens?"

"Well, maybe slavery wasn't right, but the Yankees sold the slaves to them," he countered in a qualifying voice. And then, "But the Southerners had to have slaves to grow cotton!"

"Did the workers have to be slaves?"

"But...", Mark faltered, realizing that he was beaten there. Trying valiantly, he protested, "But a state can leave the Union! Why not? It joined by itself, so it can leave by itself!"

"So a state can leave the Union by itself. That is just like a person withdrawing from Texas, just because his candidate didn't get elected Senator."

Poor Mark, horrified at the thought of anyone withdrawing from Texas and exasperated by the argument, walked out shouting, "I don't care if 'Federates are no good; they're still the bestest!"

Duncan Ellinger, 113-2

PERFECTION

Oh come sweet dawn and drive away the night
With varied colors pink and soft with light
Repel the lurking mists of black and gray,
For this, I feel, will be a perfect day.
And while I dressed and viewed the chaste new morn
I felt just like a child, a babe new-born.
Lured on by this enchanting, flawless scene,
I stepped into a new world moist and green.
Into a field of emerald, glistening grass,
Through webs of lace from spiders that did pass
Through fields of tall, majestic, golden corn,
Green arms raised up to greet the new child, dawn.
Then in a quiet place, a mossy nook,
I stopped to use my paintbrush and my book.
But colors on a canvas could not show
The wondrous beauty nature did bestow.
And thus I spent a good deal of my time
Wading in brooks and finding hills to climb.
But when the noon sun's rays did heat the ground,
The air grew heavy, still, without a sound.
Then did I lie upon a grassy bank
And into peaceful slumber, swiftly sank.
No person of the noblest ancestry
Had such a bed as nature gave to me.
Who can indulge in tranquil slumber sweet?
With flowers at his head and at his feet?
When I awoke the birds were flying home;
The sun was on his way to parts unknown.
And so I thought I should be on my way,
Before the scarlet sky turned dark and gray.
With one last glance at this beloved place,
My heart was filled with gratitude and grace.
In future years when my thoughts tend to stray,
I will recall this perfect holiday.

Susan Jacobi, 314-4

THE BLINKIN' YANK AND THE BLOOMIN' HESKIMO

The clock in the tower of the Town Hall chimed six. Early-rising inhabitants of Reading, an English biscuit-making town in the Thames River Valley, contemplated the foggy, gray skies, and prepared for another day of typical British weather.

Inside the small, unpretentious brick house at Number 16, Coronation Square, Mrs. Harrington spread jam on her muffin and listened thoughtfully to her daughter. Jennifer was talking about the new girl--that American who had been the chief source of gossip at Miss Oliver's Hemdean House School.

"Ruth is ever so nice, really...just a funny sort, if you know what I mean....with such a queer accent, like the cowboys on the Telly. Fancy anyone who doesn't like tea, or who can't hold a hockey stick!"

"I expect that's only natural, Jenny," responded her mother.

"She's been in this country scarcely a fortnight."

"Yes, Mummy, but it's not only that. It's the way she's always rushing about--always in a frightful hurry to GET somewhere or to DO something. She's forever talking about how much better things are in the States. Yesterday, she asked me why we needed Clippies. Why, in New York the same man drives the bus and collects the money."

"How odd. I shouldn't let it worry me, as long as she's a nice girl," commented her mother. "Of course, I don't like changes myself--the way things used to be is still good enough for me. I know Americans ARE different."

And, with a, "Cheerio, Mum," Jennifer was off to school. She buttoned her blazer, slung her satchel over her shoulder, took

sixpence for an ice-lolly for the trip back, and started the long climb up Purley Hill to await the bus.

The clock in the tower of the Town Hall chimed seven. Inside the big, white house on the Oxford Road, Ruth Adams gulped down the last of her morning cocoa, and popped the bread into the electric toaster. If she didn't hurry, she would miss the bus. "Not that it matters," she mused. "That bus is seldom on time, anyway. Nobody will ever do anything about it because they like it that way. These English are a strange people."

Five minutes later, Ruth was dashing down the Oxford Road, avoiding cyclists, to meet the other girls at the Purley Hill bus stop. A friendly dog accepted the piece of cold toast she tossed at him.

The clock in the tower of Town Hall chimed eight. Clippy Pat made her rounds, collecting fares, and leaving each passenger with a helpful bit of advice, delivered in a Cockney accent. To the tired-looking woman with the racking cough, she offered: "Ye wants to tike sumthin' fer that cough, lovey. Me old Mum used to give me 'Dr. Dingle's Cough Medsin'--'elped me every time, it did."

On the top deck of the bus sat two girls, identically dressed in the serge tunics, navy blazers, white shirts, long gray stockings, and school ties which proclaimed them to be students at Miss Olivey's Hemdean House School. The Clippy listened to their conversation, a privilege accorded to all of her kind.

"I say, Ruth, I do love sitting on the top deck, don't you?"

"Yeah, I guess so, if the bus ever came on time."

"Oh, why don't you just get off and walk?" ... "Ere, now, duckies Don't let's fight now," cut in Pat.

"It's no use. We're too different to get along," the girls replied.

"Naow, don't be draft, "Pat told them. "Me Mum always used to siy, 'When there's two folks tryin' as hard as they kin to get along wiv each other, hit don't matter if one's a blinkin' Yank and t'other's a bloomin' Heskimo--they'll manage to be friends.'"

Bus Clippies are never wrong. The tired-looking woman with the racking cough took the recommended "medsin" and her cough disappeared. Arguments between Jennifer and Ruth, too, all but disappeared.

As the weeks and months passed, Jennifer and Ruth visited at the homes of each other. Jennifer decided that the modern conveniences in Ruth's home were useful but much too noisy; the furniture, clumsy and inelegant; and the auto, a petrol-consuming monster. Ruth, looking around Jenny's home, saw just a crude and dirty fireplace, the shiny brass "surrounds" notwithstanding. Certainly, it was ineffectual and, oh, how difficult to start the fire. There was no gayety in the furnishings; everything was stolid and heavy.

Jennifer took Ruth to see the latest cinema stars at the "flicks," to cricket matches, to fairs, and on long hikes in the Berkshire countryside.

Ruth told Jenny all about America--its supermarkets and dual highways, central heating and skyscrapers, and about the people of America and what they believe.

Gradually, as the months rolled by, Ruth began to appreciate the beauty of this land which had, at first, seemed so strange and cold--and Jenny began to realize how wonderful was the country of which Ruth so often spoke. Gradually, too, some of Jenny's ideas

rubbed off on Ruth; some of Ruth's thoughts became Jenny's, too.

The clock in the tower of the Town Hall chimed four. Miss Olivey, headmistress of Hemdean House School, looked around at the audience with satisfaction. The bouquet for the guest speaker was ready; the parents and "old girls" were quietly visiting among themselves. Little Madelaine Whiting struggled through a Chopin Etude. "This is going to be the finest Prize-Giving Ceremony in all my forty years here," thought the headmistress, and the audience seemed to sense the same thought.

Today, Jennifer Harrington, graduating first in her Form, would read an original essay, "What England Means to Me." Everybody liked Jenny--but they had really come to see the American Ruth, the second-prize winner, and to hear her essay, "What America Means to Me," before she left for the States.

Little Madelaine completed her piano piece. The audience gave its polite applause, and turned its attention to the program's next item. Miss Olivey nodded to Ruth, whose right it was traditionally to read her essay first.

Slowly, the American girl mounted the stage and began: "I am proud of this country--proud to say that I live in Britain." She gulped...This was Jenny's essay...She had picked up the wrong manuscript! Why, this wasn't what she wanted to say at all--or was it?"

"There are other countries in this world more powerful than England, more modern, more prosperous. None of them, however, has the love of the traditional, the unhurried attitude, the quiet and undemanding patience which the English alone have."

As she read on, Ruth realized that she meant it--every single

word of it. When she concluded, the applause was deafening.

"Sorry I've ruined your speech, Jen," came from Ruth.

"Not a bit. I'm going to read your speech' instead-- and, what's more, I'll mean it," replied her friend.

And so Miss Olivey was right. It was surely the best Prize-Giving Ceremony Hemdean House had ever held. Pat's Mum was right, too.

"When there's two folks trying' as 'and as they can to get along with one another, it don't matter if one's a blinking Yank and the other's a bloomin' Heskimo--they're agoin' to be friends!"

Sue Glaser, 313,3

NOTE-ITIS

Of the many quotations on every subject, one in particular, "What you don't have in your head, you have in your heels," applies to my mother. Until she remedied the situation, she was constantly retrating her steps, doing the things she had forgotten. The cure is the lesser of two evils--a disease which our family calls "note-itis."

Every room in the house, including the bathroom, is equipped with pencil and paper, in case it is necessary to write a matter-of-life-or-death reminder.

Mother insists her best ideas arrive at night, and if she can't write them at once she is unable to sleep. Once she wrote a note in the dark, and the next morning was unable to read her scribbling. She never did find out what she had written.

There is no telling where notes will be found in our house--taped to the phone, stove, bathroom mirrors, front door, back door, and teakettle. Many times I find one tucked in with my

lunch, and I'm sure a few of her precious words have been eaten along with my sandwich. Once I opened the refrigerator and found an egg on which was written, "Use me first, I'm older!"

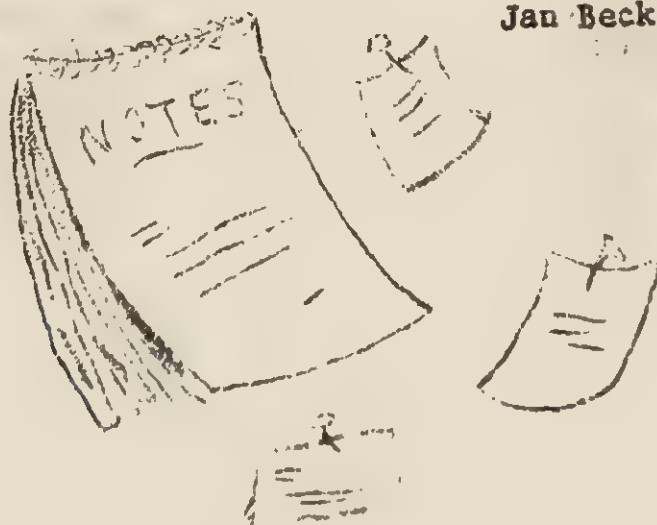
Once in awhile, however, the note system backfires, like the time mother gave me a list of groceries to buy. At the store I assumed "wh. b." was an abbreviation for white bread. How was I to know it meant whipped butter? Another time a calamity occurred when mother misplaced her shopping list. Since she couldn't remember anything she had written, we frantically searched the house and finally found it in the refrigerator, stuck to a dish of hamburger.

My father insists that these notes are unnecessary and ridiculous, but he forgets that he wouldn't remember a thing if mother didn't write a note to remind him.

Actually, this mania began innocently enough when mother was a secretary. She learned to keep only important things in her mind, and to write down the insignificant details. But the habit has overtaken her, and mother declares she absolutely could not manage her life if she broke her right arm.

Since our home is managed in a systematic way, I don't cringe when friends curiously ask why our house is wallpapered with notes. I defensively answer, "Can't your mother write?"

Jan Becker, 310-4



PRIZE WINNING BOOK REVIEWS

1st Prize

AN UNSEEN ADVERSARY

Charles Dennim, a quiet zoologist, is shocked when a package addressed to him explodes, killing the postman who was delivering it. Soon after this incident, he receives a pamphlet picturing the past horrors of a German concentration camp. To him this seems to be a warning that someone who was a German prisoner wants to kill him. But why?

Watcher in the Shadows by Geoffrey Housefold takes you across the English countryside with a former British Intelligence agent whose life is threatened by an unknown executioner. It is an intensely absorbing story woven of suspense and human emotions by a masterful author.

Dorothy Falchick
325-3

2nd Prize

HITLER'S REICH

"Conquest," Hitler told the German people, "is not only a right but also a duty." In a short span of twelve years, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Memelland, Lithuania, and Poland were devastated. Hitler's vision was to rule the world. There were three traits in Hitler which never changed: (1) his desire for revenge on his enemies, (2) his belief in violence, (3) and his insecurity. Hitler's prejudice and hate were shown in the brutality of the concentration camps. Reading The Rise And The Fall Of The Third Reich by William Shirer will further your understanding of our past, and will help you to become responsible citizens in our future.

3rd Prize

Martin Aronson
209-3

DISCOVERING AMERICA

This year I discovered America, a vital, aspiring, and colorful country, through the eyes of Alexander King, author of May This House Be Safe From Tigers.

Mr. King paints the American scene with freshness; he describes through many incidents the make-up of our country--its people, customs, and localities.

This book, I believe, will appeal to everyone. Women will be touched by Mr. King's affection and respect for their intellect and American womanliness. Men will enjoy Mr. King's type of humor--vigorous, subtle, and delightful. Youngsters will enjoy learning about their country in such an amusing way. All Americans will like sharing the wonder, laughter, love, and devotion of Alexander King for his country and theirs.

Ramona Cohen
210-3

THE CALLIOPE

I thought I heard it a minute ago, but it was only a Tastee-Creme truck with a mechanical recording, and all the children milling around it.

These kids today think anyone who can remember before television and space flights is ancient. I am only eighteen and not at all above running out and buying an ice cream cone from the street-vendor, but I can remember when there were adventure stories on the radio, like "The Shadow" and "The Cisco Kid," and when people rode on trolley cars instead of in air-conditioned buses.

But summer was a special time for kids, then, too. Winter is fine for snowballs and autumn is nice for collecting acorns, but summer is different. Perhaps some of its magic is due to the length of the days - July and August are the only months when long afternoons stretch into evening, and for three hours the day stands still. The slanting rays of sunlight seem to pin the air in place against the thick green leaves of the trees.

It is a time for picking dandelions and tearing their stems into strips, then soaking them in cold water until they curl up into garnishes for mud-pies. It is a time for watching the activity of the anthills that appear between the squares in the sidewalk. It is time to water the grass - to point the hose nozzle straight up and let broken rainbows cascade to the ground - to let the lawn become like a prickly sponge and feel the warm water squish up between your toes. Doors and windows are wide open at this time of day. Insects buzz against the screens and the sounds of dinner preparations can be heard. Other sounds, too, the slow clanging of the knife-sharpener man's truck bell, roller skate wheels clicking along the pavement - but they all blend, softened by the lazy air.

Occasionally on these long afternoons a baloonman would come by, often a brush-salesman - but only once, every summer, the calliope came.

At first all you could hear were the far away bass notes, "umm-paa-toot" - and the younger ones would ask -

"What's that? What's that music?"

And the wise ones would answer, "That's The Calliope." No ordinary hand organ or carousel or speaker truck.

"Oh. Cal-lye-O-pee." A lovely sounding word, that danced and sang all by itself.

Then the music would get louder and closer, and the shrill piercing treble notes would pipe high and clear, and everybody would come out on their porches to listen, even the grownups, for the Piper himself could not have rivaled the shiny gilt of the organ or the bright red and yellow and purple and green polka dots that covered the rest of the wagon.

The short white puffs of steam would stand a minute in the lavender twilight before fading away, and the driver would stop the truck and the organ player would smile at everyone before he started his magic again.

We would all gaze at the open-mouthed pipes and wait and suddenly it would start - polkas and carnival and circus music that was more wonderful than a real carnival or circus because the thrill and color and action were all in your own head and you could make yourself the strong-man or the lady in pink tights who rides the elephants - you could win all the brass rings on the merry-go-round - you could do anything while the little steam organ piped its wild queer notes.

Then the grownups would give the driver money and the children

would shyly touch the painted sides of the truck and, still playing, the calliope would move away until not even the slightest echo of an umm-paa-toot remained.

The evening breeze would disperse the last of the lavender twilight; leaves would rustle, and we could smell the sweetness of freshly cut grass mixed with the spice of the onion weeds that had also been mown. It was dark then, and everyone went inside. The calliope was gone for another year. Now it will not return, but it's odd, isn't it, how that wild queer music lingers?

Diane Wolfe, 127-4

How to Survive in My House

or

Life in a Nutshell

The main thing to realize when you have three brothers is that things could be worse. Convince yourself of this. Now see how my guide to survival will carry you through. If you should wake up at 5 a. m. with a racking headache because Norman is giving a drum solo with a spoon and pie tin, and you can't find the aspirin, remember that laughter is the best medicine anyway. Try laughing. Keep trying until you succeed. With practice you, too, can develop a ready smile. Learn to grin when you find someone drawing with your lipstick or fashioning an airplane from your chemistry homework. I said grin--not grimace. Only an unflinching sense of humor can save you. I should know!

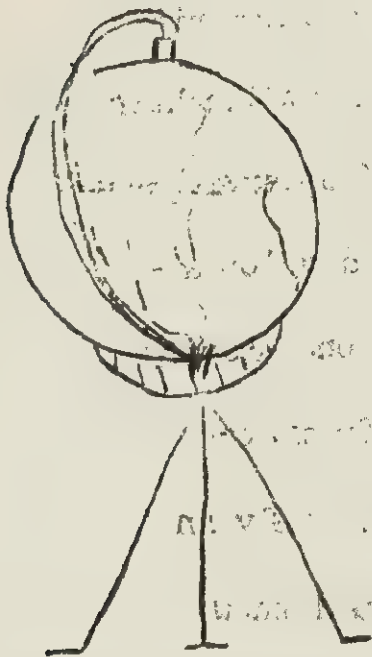
Lila Coleburn 113-2

IF I HAD MY WAY

Just as the world continues to rotate, so examinations will always be with us, and, in my opinion, they should be given each day of the week. This would humiliate those student who never study because they would have had no time to think of an excuse.

In order to maintain a feeling of happiness among the students, I would make the examinations as easy as possible. If the color of the paper for the examination were a different color for each day of the week, this would give the student something to anticipate and make him wonder about the color he would receive.

If I had my way, grades would be excluded from examinations so that everyone could be happy, thinking he might have had an A paper. Moreover, talking should be allowed while taking examinations because this makes everyone feel at home and helps those students who don't know the answers to the test.



READEN'
'RITTEN'
'RITHHATIK



"BUTTONS" AT BREAKFAST

"I want to walk with you to your office this morning, Daddy," the cute, little, blond-haired girl proudly told her father. "Have you seen my baby?"

"Do you mean Jack, 'Buttons'?"

"You know, Daddy, his name is John. Why do you call him Jack?" she said like a child annoyed with a parent who doesn't seem to understand.

"Why? I thought he was named after me, and all my friends call me Jack."

"Why?"

"Jack is a nickname for all people who have the name John; however, sometimes they're just called Johnny."

"Daddy, what's a nickname?"

"I'm sorry, 'Buttons', I don't have time to explain it now. Why don't you ask your mother? By the way, where is Mummy this morning? Is she up yet?"

"Yes, she's getting dressed. Mummy said that she was coming down for breakfast. Shall I always call him Jack?"

"Yes, darling. Do you want to have breakfast with me?"

"No, Daddy, because I have already had my breakfast."

"All right, come and sit with me while I eat."

"Sure, Daddy, just because I love you."

After breakfast the tall man and the little girl, dressed in red jacket and blue overalls, walk to his office. On the way they play a game that calls for stepping over cracks in the pavement. "Buttons" is extremely happy because her daddy has stepped on two

cracks. One more mistake on his part and she'll be the winner. The two approach his office. The big door of the inner sanctum shuts in front of "Buttons'" face. She turns around and is confronted by her daddy's secretary. "What are you going to do now that you've walked your daddy to his office?"

"I'll walk back again," she said simply. With this, Caroline turns and walks out of the office and onto the colonnade that leads to the East Executive Wing of the White House.

Sheila Neustadt, 218-2

CALORIES DO COUNT

"His fad was dieting and moderate fare." This quotation from Chaucer's Canterbury Tales is a line which, although written in 1400, could have been written today, as a description of my father.

We, meaning my mother and me never know which of the latest books relating to weight control Dad has just completed reading. No sooner does Mother get the household settled down to his latest diet routine than Dad starts on someone else's diet theory. The latest is Dr. Taller's Calories Don't Count. As a result he repeatedly approaches the dinner table with such remarks as: "Don't feed me this," or "Why don't we have this for dinner? This is fattening," or "This has high cholesterol," or "Are you sure this is poly-unsaturated?"

Periodically Dad will pat his protruding tummy and say, "I can't understand why this keeps getting bigger." Mother and I look at each other because we know the answer. Not one hour passes after

dinner which, by the way, has been carefully prepared according to Dad's current diet authority, when we hear cupboards rattling in the kitchen and the refrigerator door opening and closing. It is obvious why the protrusion is not disappearing.

Dad has always had a sweet tooth and could never feel satisfied no matter how delicious the meal was, unless he had had a rich dessert. Now, Mother cannot seem to get adjusted to Dad's new routine and she still prepares dessert every night. Dad tries to resist temptation with all his might, fussing and fuming at Mother for continuing this practice. Somehow his will power fails him and he takes a small portion, mumbling that everyone is trying to make him fat.

The busiest gadgets in our house are the bathroom scales. Before I go further I must explain that there is a difference of two pounds between the two. I always know when Dad's feeling heavy because he will weigh himself on the lighter scale.

Honestly, Dad weighs within five pounds of the norm for his height and build. His age and general softening of muscle tissue is, I think, all that is wrong. So all the Dr. Tallers and poly-¹¹unsaturates^s and fads and foibles will not correct the flabbiness. If he will accept the obvious and eat sensibly he does not have to forego his dessert and keep the household standing on its ear, trying to keep up with what's new in the diet field. A routine of mild exercise to strengthen and tone his stomach muscles would also be very helpful. But knowing Dad as I do, I might as well save my breath, prepare myself to listen to more of the same and just say to myself, "That's my Dad."

Darlene Cohen, 204-4

DIRGE FOR A KING

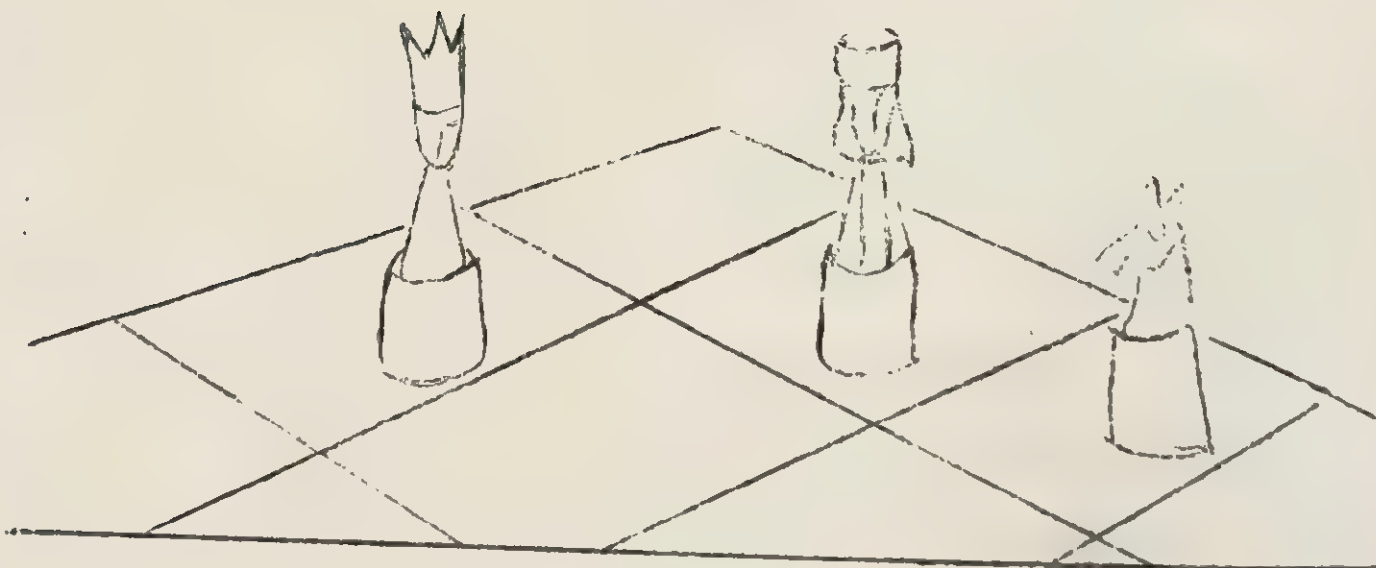
With brain both weary and worn
With face haggard and drawn,
A player sat, in despairing mood,
Shifting his King and pawn.


Check! Check! Check!
While pawns are pushing ahead,
And check - check - check
Till even the knights are dead.
It's Oh! to be a King
Along with the murderous Queen
Where bishops have never a piece to save
If any could be seen.

Check! Check! Check!
Till the attack begins to stop.
Check - check - check
Till the pawns are ready to drop
Rook and bishop and pawn -
Pawn and bishop and rook,
Till over the board I start to weep.
My plans would fill a book!

Oh King with pawns so near,
Oh King, sans bishop or knight,
It is not of plans I'm running out,
But squares to continue my flight,
Check - check - check
By progression by weavers by pawn,
Pinned at last by a double check!
There was nowhere to have gone.

Mark Berch, 326-4





Mainfualb
and the



Three Bears



WEINFWAB AND THE THREE BEARS

Weinfwab was a hairy little kid who sort of reminded you of a brontosaurus with a Dennis the Menace haircut. At the age of eight he was declared the world's most prominent juvenile delinquent; at nine, public enemy number one, and at ten--well, I guess it would be better if I told you the whole story.

Weinfwab lived with his family in Storyland. His father acted as a Cyclops in horror movies; his mother played baseball with the Washington Senators; and his elder sister, Goldylox worked for a company that manufactured bear traps.

During the summer months Weinfwab would spend all of his time in the house, except on sunny, rainy, or cloudy days. He would not go out when it snowed. Many of his happiest hours were spent hunting in his Sherman Tank for food to feed to his pet piranhas.

It was on one of these expeditions that he came to a field with two houses on it. The first house, which was made of candy, had a peppermint door and lollipop windows; the second house was brick, with a wooden door and glass windows. Since everyone who lived in Storyland lived in a candy house, Weinfwab immediately went to the brick house to see who lived there. He rang the doorbell, knocked on the door, pounded on the walls, tripped the fire alarm, and threw stones through all the windows. "I guess there's no one home," he said to himself. So he broke the door down.

The house was furnished with early American rocks and tree trunks. On a table were three steaks. He tasted the first, too much pepper; the second, too much salt; the third, just a bit too

much garlic. So he went into the kitchen and mixed himself a bowl of instant porridge, and a liquid refreshment of Scotch on the rocks; and then another, and another, and another, and another (and I don't mean porridge).

He staggered into the living room and saw three chairs; the first collapsed when he sat in it; the second did the same. Taking no chances with the third chair, he kicked it; it kicked him back--well, it's a fairy tale, isn't it?

With Scotch in hand he worked his way upstairs to the bedroom. There were three beds, regular size, large size, and jumbo size--the three bears were all overweight. The first bed was too hard, the second too soft, and the third was half and half. Disgusted, he went to the window for some fresh air.

The three bears entered the house and sat down at the dinner table. "Someone's been eating my steak," said Papa Bear.

"Someone's been eating my steak," said Mama Bear.

"They could at least have eaten some of the vegetables," said Baby Bear.

They looked around to see if anything had been taken. "Someone's been sitting in my chair," said Papa Bear.

"Someone's been sitting in my chair," said Mama Bear.

"I told you we had termites," said Baby Bear.

Papa didn't say anything but went upstairs to the bedroom. Not expecting to see anything like Weinfwab----and might I add, Weinfwab not expecting to see anything like him, both were shocked, and they stood there just staring at one another.

Finally Weinfwab yelled, "Get out of here, furry face." And Papa Bear left. As a matter of fact, he took his family and moved

out of Storyland, muttering something about prejudices against bears there.

There was Weinfwab, all alone hiccuping away, when hiccup, out the window he went; unfortunately it was a second story window.... The newspaper printed a nice article about him, and even mentioned how he rid Storyland of the three bears; and previous to that the three little kittens, the three men in a tub, the three mousquetaires, the fiddlers three, and Brer Rabbit.

Now in case you're wondering what happened to the three bears, well they all became great successes. When they got the publicity in the newspaper, they split up, each going his own way. Of course they go by different names now; there's Smoky the Bear, Yogi Bear, and sometimes seen walking in the halls of Coolidge about the time of finals, Bear Withit.

"Flowers for Algernon"

Barry Miller 307-4

By Daniel Keyes

Quickly, before this feeling of poignancy fades, I must express my opinion of "Flowers for Algernon." Never have I read a story so tender and touching, or one so bittersweet. I have read very little science fiction, always having considered it rather childish and silly; thus "Flowers for Algernon" held quite a surprise for me.

The effectiveness of this work lies principally in the author's cunning characterization of Charlie Gordon. He evokes from the reader a bubble of ridicule, followed by a rush of pity. One wishes to help Charlie and to cushion his life with the other characters who are also vividly human.

Added to the story's credit is the keen brilliance of the plot. It causes the reader to moan, "Why couldn't I think of something like that?" and to nurture admiration for him who could and did.

Lila Coleburn, 113-2

SURVIVAL

"Down with the Jews!" rang through the streets. It was March, 1939, and the Nazi regime had full power in Germany. The Jews had an extremely difficult time, for they were deprived of their possessions and feared for their life. Alfred Wolfe, a formerly well-to-do manufacturer, was in a concentration camp in Northern Germany. Since his wife had obtained a visa to Holland for her two children, her husband, and herself, he received special permission to leave the camp. They took their few remaining possessions and were full of confidence for a new life in Amsterdam, Holland. They were very thankful and thought that all their troubles were over. Little did they know what was in store for them.

Alfred found a job as a clerk in a small office, and he and his family lived quietly and happily. They heard and read what was happening to their fellow Jews in Germany but never dreamed that the Nazis would invade Holland. The Wolfes felt so safe that they were planning to settle permanently in Amsterdam, and with the aid of some friends, they had already made a down payment on a small house.

One evening, about a year after their arrival in Holland, as the entire family was sitting comfortably, listening to a concert on the radio, they received a great shock. The program was interrupted by a highly nervous announcer who said that the Nazis had come to their country. Following this, the radio went dead, as did all the other electricity in the house. The Wolfes were frantic and at first stood stiffly. They then recalled the promise of an elderly farming couple who had said they would

...hide them if, heaven forbid, the Nazis were ever to come.

Outside, there was great confusion, but they found their way to the farmhouse, a distance of about three miles.

Upon hearing the dreadful news, the farmer and his wife quickly prepared the living quarters for their guests-- two small holes behind two huge paintings in the living room. This was to be their home for the next several years.

As the Wolfes entered their new "home," they were thankful that they had been saved. Yet they were afraid of what the future would bring. Mr. Wolfe thought that he had seen his best days, but Frieda his wife, was full of confidence and hope. To live in these tight quarters was far from comfortable, but at least they were alive. Mrs. Wolfe knitted much and played word games with the children to keep them occupied.

Once, their secret was almost revealed, for the Nazis came to the farmhouse, ransacked the entire place, but the idea to look behind the pictures did not enter their minds. Having heard all the noise, the Wolfes were numb from anxiety and until the Nazis left did not move at all. The farmer, Mr. Von Luntz, was arrested on suspicion of helping Jews, and now only his kind, elderly wife remained. The Wolfes felt terribly guilty and asked the kind lady if they ought not to escape one night so she would be safe. Mrs. Von Luntz would not hear of it and said,

"For you I will do everything in my power."

The Wolfes were gratified but from then on had an even uneasier existence and it brought about an outward change in Mr. Wolfe's attitude.

"Frieda," he said to his wife, "I cannot go on like this any

longer. I have always had much faith, but too much is too much.
I have lost all hope and thus have no desire to live."

Frieda tried and tried but to change his feeling was impossible.
She would continue striving to keep herself and her children alive,
and that the Nazis would fall and help would come was her every
prayer. So Alfred, all hope lost, was listless, while his wife
trusted and believed. For were not hope and faith symbols of the
Jewish people?

About four weeks after their conversation, Mrs. Von Luntz
entered joyfully, saying that the Americans had come and Holland
was saved. It was too late for Mr. Wolfe, who had died earlier that
week, but Mrs. Wolfe and the children were freed. Years later they
were to tell their American friends, "Hope and trust saved us and
will continue to do so in any crisis."

Esther Dreifus, 230-2

I CANNOT WORK TODAY

My mind is filled with many things,
Of books and mirrors, shoes and kings.
The lark on yonder hilltop sings.
I cannot work today!

I've much to gain in chemistry;
I've much to know of history.
But I've a chance to be set free.
I cannot work today!

Unbar the door and let me see
If what I seek is seeking me,
If what I long for longs for me.
I cannot work today!

Carol Herron, 211-2

Teachers' Moods

(Hints on How to Control)

Before I begin, I would like to say that this paper is fiction. I am writing it at the request of a friend, for the benefit of all students who would like to know how to get the upper hand of their teachers.

In my many years as a student I have had every kind of teacher and have been able to handle them to good advantage. In this paper I shall classify, define, and tell the proper method for handling the majority of teachers' moods.

First, there is the teacher who is trying to be a young, stultifying student like yourself. She will easily get off the subject and begin talking about her trip to Hawaii. Then to show you that she is still quite young and vigorous, she will get up and demonstrate to the whole class how to do the hula dance in one easy lesson. In a situation like this, humor her, agree with her, and just sit and look brainy. If you handle her right, you might be fortunate enough to get straight A's; if not, nothing lower than a B. A hint to the wise: a few intelligent questions will help.

During your years of studying, you will probably come across a teacher who knows what she is doing. She will teach you, grade you, and even fail you without blinking an eyelash. She will be hard, she will sound cruel, give onerous homework, and there will be nothing you can do about it. Your only recourse is to study a little, be well mannered, and when she speaks, listen very attentively. Beware! tears, threats, promises, even a fit won't help you. In fact, they might do more harm than good. So be brave. You have a teacher in every sense of the word. I assure that you will learn a great deal from her, but at the same time hate

her passionately until one day when you are in need of some information that she taught you years before. Then you will remember her with gratitude.

The next group I can classify only as the O'Reilly kind. They are usually middle-aged, single and rather tricky to get on the good side of. Flattery will get you everywhere and I mean just that. She will soak it up like a dry sponge, and you won't have anything to fear. Always give teachers the impression that you are a child prodigy and they will give you grades that prove it.

Another common type will worship you if you will just clean up the room, dust the books, water the flowers and agree with whatever she says. She is a very weak-minded person and deathly scared of the opinion that the parents and the children might have of her. In this case a slight crying spell or threat will get you good grades, but be careful, my friend. The obscured mind of a teacher may become rebellious; so save the threats for last.

I have touched only the surface on this subject of teachers' moods, for there are countless ones that I have not yet mentioned. There are good teachers, bad teachers, and indifferent teachers. Some you will like, others you will hate, and if you follow my instructions, the majority of teachers you will conquer.

Penny Atsalinos 212-2

EPITAPH

Mark this piece of earth!
Here a dream has shattered
The jagged edges remain, glass-like,
To pierce the heart of the dreamer.

Anne Mininberg, 127-4

I REMINISCE

Outside the world is very grey, grey frosted grass and grey muted sky. Daddy builds a fire; then he and the boys sprawl in front of the television, intent on a football game. Mommy rocks the baby to sleep to the lullaby of the creaking antique rocking chair and browses through disarranged Sunday morning papers. My bedroom is "disgraceful!" Mommy exaggerates and my homework is not yet finished, but this is not an afternoon for drudgery.

My mother is a sentimental woman. In boxes and brief cases she saves old letters, cards, pictures, and memories. So do I. Now I take out a dusty portofolio and withdraw to my room. I spread the contents on my blue patterned studio bed and sort through them.

A pile of old report cards, relics from the days when teachers sent actual written reports to parents. "Lila is a fine student, particularly in language work," my third grade teacher professed, "----but extremely talkative and playful!" I fly through these and turn to the pictures. How strange to see Mommy in knee socks and pigtails and Daddy fifteen years ago. "We were young too," Daddy says, smiling at Mommy. They wink at each other.

I, Lila, age fourteen, scrutinize Lila, age five months, fat and blissfully content. Then, at two, here I am posing patulantly on a staircase. "You were such a showoff; once on the bus you hugged a shocked young woman of about twenty whom I'd never seen before and asked her if she were your grandmother." A yellowed newspaper clipping flutters to the floor--me, at four, with my graduation class from nursery school. So many

pictures of so many moments past. There is a book of poems, too. Its cover sags a little as I open it to my favorite selections. How long ago was it when I sat absorbed before bed reading "Little Orphan Annie" and believing "--the goblins'll getch' if you don't watch out? Each night I burrowed under the covers and tried not to be afraid of the dark. Once I wrote:

The fragile darkness of the night
Crept silently into my room.
In shadows then, it clustered there
Like eerie figures in the gloom.
I shuddered at the owl's hoarse cry
As it echoed through the night
I pulled the covers o'er my head
(An effort to subdue my fright).
I closed my eyes and begged for sleep
And though I am by nature bold
When I heard the howling winds
I shivered, yet I was not cold.
It seemed I'd heard great rats a creeping
As if they'd stolen from their lairs.
Then stabs of fear clutched at my heart
For something creaked upon the stairs.
I prayed, "Dear God, please give me strength
To overcome this fear of night.
I promise not to ask again
If you'll just send a little light."
The fragile darkness of the night
Withdraws, for now the day is dawning.
Scatter now, my foolish fears;
I'm not afraid, for here is morning!

I smile and put that page aside. Darkness was so frightening to me then; it is so beautiful to me now--the beach at night, snow at night, crisp black autumn nights.....

Another poem. Punctually in January every winter I come down with an upset stomach, headache, and fever, which bald, mustached Doctor Owen terms a "virus infection". "Juice, toast, tea, and rest," he prescribed. So I busied my thoughts with reading and writing ditties. I satirized:

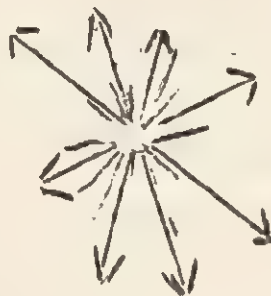
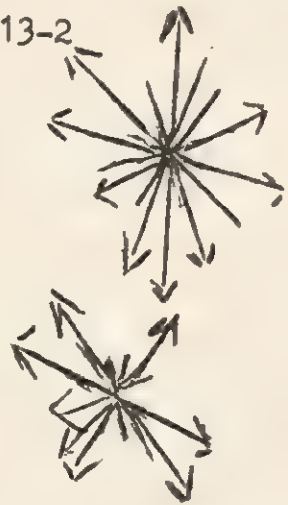
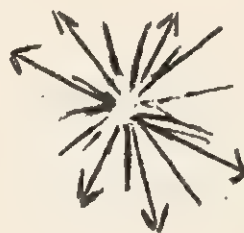
A Word of Cheer for the Sick

I've come, my dear, to pay regrets
And sit and talk a spell
The chillun got a frettin when
They heard you wasn't well.
Let me hear you cough again--
You sound like Nancy Gray--
The fun'ral was just beautiful
When they put her away!
Yer eldest son has done run off.
They say he's gone to sea.
I heer yer spouse's been taking out
That dreadful Abby Lee.
Well, guess I'd better go now
And, honey, don't fergit--
Why even if you don't get well
I'll cheer you up a bit.

There are more poems and several short stories. One I I wrote four years ago about a guardian angel with no one to guard stands out. I read it quickly. Everyone in my stories lived "happily ever after." But that was years ago.

I put the rest of the things away carefully. Other tasks are calling, the afternoon is fading swiftly. The sky is a charcoalish gray now and for a while I watch the first flakes of moist snow blow gently down.

Lila Coleburn, 113-2



"EEK!"

"Mrs. Lyman, this one is yours!" said the nurse. "Eek! That's not mine!"

These were the first words uttered by my beloved mother when she first saw me. The reason for this peculiar outburst was my unique appearance. I was only two days old, yet I had so much thick, black hair hanging down that my face was completely hidden. You are now probably wondering how I remembered my first days so vividly; if David Copperfield could do it, so can I!

In a very short time, my family grew accustomed to my presence and accepted me in the household. For the next one and one-half years, I did nothing except eat and sleep. Laughing, crying, talking, walking, and playing were unheard of in my presense. I think my parents thought I was mentally retarded.

Finally the blessed day came. My mother set me down in the middle of the living room. That was her first mistake. She went to answer the door. That was another miscalculation. The next moment a crash was heard by all who were present. Running into the room, my mother looked at me and screamed. (That seems to be one of her chief habits when I'm around.) There I was, standing near a beautiful, hand-painted vase which, at this moment, was scattered about the floor. To this day I haven't figured out whether she was yelling because her favorite vase was broken or because she was so overjoyed that I was walking.

Many years passed and nothing happened which stands out in my memory. Finger painting was my specialty. Somehow I can not forget throwing some paint at another student, but the reason I did so

escapes me.

Leaving elementary school behind, I entered Paul Junior High School where I had three pleasant years filled with memorable events. While I was attending public school, I also went to Hebrew school for three days a week, two hours a day. Having completed the prescribed course, I was confirmed in June 61, with the honor of salutatorian bestowed upon me.

Having a whole summer to look forward to after graduation and confirmation, I decided it would not be wasted by just having fun; I wanted to accomplish something. With these thoughts in mind, I enrolled in Montgomery Blair High School for the purpose of furthering my education by taking courses in shorthand and typing. My friends said I was being stubborn and that it was insipid of me to waste my summer. I, as a non-conformist, paid no heed to their admonitions.

A hobby which I fancy immensely consists of playing the piano and violin. Having started piano in grade school, I play better and prefer it to the violin which I just took up in junior high school.

Another activity of mine is reading. I delight in settling down with a well-written mystery for a night's entertainment and relaxation. I also relish classics and some kinds of poetry. Following along in the classical vein, I like an evening listening to classical music, mainly symphonies and operas, but I also enjoy present day musicals and rock and roll.

My life, as you see, has not been exciting, adventurous, or glamorous. It has been filled with the normal hopes and ambitions of a young girl. Maturing is a very difficult and tedious process which we all must pass through. It forms and builds our characteristics, traits, and lives, good and bad. I hope I make it.

CERTIFICATE IN LOCAL SCHOLASTIC CONTEST

THE OLD SASSAFRAS TREE

Some families have a special room or place in which they spend a great deal of time--like a recreation room or den, for instance. We have such a place. In the summer, our life revolves around our big sassafras tree. At least one of us can be found there at all times. It serves as a resting place, a refuge from the hot sun, an eating place and, in some instances, a sleeping place. Mostly we use it as a place for contemplation--it soothes us in time of trouble; it shares our joys. There is a mysterious calmness about the place--a calmness that not even the wind, which often howls through the branches or rustles the leaves violently, can disturb. Even the stinging pellets of rain cannot penetrate the leafy green dome.

My earliest and some of my fondest memories involve this wonderful tree. It was under this natural tent that I took my first stumbling steps. It was here that, while playing in the earth beneath, I lifted my eyes in wonderment and awe and, gesturing upward toward the murmuring boughs, uttered my first word "rit-ty". For hours I used to sit and build castles in the sandbox, or watch the dancing lacework of sunshine on the ground. I remember once in the evening, I looked at the dimming light through the spaces formed by the leaves and imagined that there were fairies flitting about. That could very well have been, for I have always thought that the old sassafras tree had a quality of mystery about it.

When we children were young, the tree and the area surrounding it were like an amusement park. Besides supporting two hammocks and a large ladder-back swing, the family swing we called it, the tree had one end of a cable guy-wire attached to it, which sloped downwards

towards the house to which the other end was attached. A swing was attached to two wheels which rode the wire. Thus the swing could be pulled up toward the tree and then let go. It would gather momentum, giving the passenger a thrilling ride, and then end in a jerk caused by the stop my father had made. Because of this "sky-ride", the yard was packed with neighborhood kids on Saturday, Sunday and holidays those days when my father was home, waiting for a ride.

As I grew older, the tomboy came out in me, and I had an irrepresible urge to climb the old sassafras tree and "get a better view of the world". But the trunk was too tall and wide for me to get up to the nearest branch ten feet from the ground in any normal way. The big wooden ladder was too heavy for me to drag out every time I wanted to go on a climbing spree, so my father made me a rope ladder which he attached to a limb. The thing swayed and trembled while I ascended it, and the fear of falling never quite left me until I reached the top. Nevertheless it developed muscles and coordination and nerve better than anything else could have done. Upon reaching the top, I would straddle the thick limb and work my way back to the crotch where I had mounted a cushion. There I would sit for hours gazing at the world above and below me, watching the birds and the insects that had made this tree their home.

I got so much enjoyment out of this primitive tree climbing that my father decided to make a more permanent establishment. It was quite fancy, for it was made out of steel and plywood. This treefort even had an electrical outlet connected with the house, so that lights and even radio might be enjoyed in it. A string was attached to the bottom rung of the rope ladder, so that the occupants of the treefort might pull it up, making the platform inaccessible from all sides.

By this time we were much too heavy for the "sky-ride", so we

attached instead of the swing, a basket in which we put the things we wanted up in the tree fort. Then we could stand in the fort and pull the basket up to us. This eliminated the difficult process of carrying stuff with us while we climbed that swinging rope ladder. Our tree house proved to be great fun - we read, ate and even slept there.

Now perhaps I am too old for the tree house, but I never seem to outgrow the tree. It seems so old and wise standing there, the tallest tree for miles around, with its heavy arms reaching toward heaven. I never cease to marvel when, in the spring, tiny pale green buds burst out all over it, creating a mystic green cloud. In the summer, I welcome its cool shade where I may think quietly in its undisturbed air. In fall, its leaves turn brilliant orange-gold and the tree becomes a living flame fingering the breeze. It is only in winter that one becomes aware of its massive structure because its skeleton is seen sharply against the wintry sky. In every season it shows its magnificence. It is with reverence that I think of its rustling leaves and protective branches, for it has surely become a part of me.

Ellen Spathelf



Although space prevents the inclusion of a lengthy story, these excerpts show some vivid descriptive passages and a style of sensitivity and feeling. - Ed.

THE ROSE

In the city of Marseille there is a section of town which is common to many cities of today. It was built when transportation was poor and workers in the city's larger industries moved their families and themselves to dwelling-places near their place of employment.

In later years, with the invention of the automobile, the more prosperous of these families moved to nicer areas with less crowded living conditions, where a man could stretch out in the sun in his own back yard and see beauty in everything around him- sunlight stretching her long golden fingers into every corner of the garden, goldfish swimming contentedly in the fishpond, and children playing cheerfully in the two yards adjacent.

He could enjoy these things in quiet solitude, broken only by the cheerful cries of children, away from the monotonous drone of fishwives and the drunken brawls of sailors to which he had become so accustomed. Surely peace and content reigned supreme.

With many city dwellings now easily accessible and at little cost, a new breed of people moved in. These were the poverty-stricken, the drunken-husband-working-wife type of people who considered their squalid way of life something to be tolerated but not improved upon.

Here were the status-quo-ers, who didn't realize that living conditions never stay the same but go from poor to

miserable and from miserable to wretched, though it is true these things changed so slowly that even the most careful observer would find it hard to discern the changes made from day to day.

Here were the rotten fruit of a forgotten generation - of plain, simple people with an ambitious spirit whose progeny proved that it was not inheritable. Here were some of the crudest, most vulgar people in the world -

And here was Marie Rochelle.

Marie Rochelle was a tiny speck of good in a monstrous pit of evil - the one silver thread in a tangled web of darkness.

Marie Rochelle was dying.

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Every day her mother moved her bed over to the window so that she could look down onto the street below, but more often than not she had to force herself to look.

The pathetic waifs who formed the daily concourse there were shabbily clothed and practically always hungry; their thin young faces were brown from lack of scrubbing while pale from lack of food. Their vulgar language shocked her, and their miserable condition drove her to such profound compassion for them that she often found it difficult to refrain from bursting into tears, which seemed to have no other effect than to show her how foolish she was in crying over something she could do nothing about.

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(In this part of the story Marie Rochelle desperately longs to see a rose, which her name represents.)

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Time after time she dreamed of that particular flower which by some twist of fate she had never seen, and time after time she saw it wither and die as less pleasing visions crossed her tortured mind. The desire for that one object of beauty grew and grew until it became almost an obsession. Somewhere, somehow, she must find a rose. But where?

No houses nearby had roses in their gardens. For that matter, no houses had gardens. There was hardly room enough for the teeming population of the city, and no room at all for so silly a thing as a garden. Still, they were not missed, for it is quite impossible to miss something you have never even known.

Diane Schwartz, 206-2



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